WESTERN LUMINARY.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."—Rev. xxi. 23.

VOL. II.] LEXINGTON, KY. SEPTEMBER 28, 1825. [No. 12

PRINTED BY
THOMAS T. SKILLMAN.

Published every Wednesday, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, in the currency of Kentucky, in advance, and increasing by TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every three months delay.

No subscriber at liberty to discontinue until all arrearages are paid up.

All letters must be post paid.

INDIANA MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The third annual meeting of the Indiana Missionary Society, was held in Vincennes on the 5th of August, 1825, and was opened with prayer by the President, the Rev. Samuel T. Scott.

The annual report was then read by the Rev. Isaac Reed.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT.

The standing committee now submit to the Missionary Society of Indiana their third annual REPORT, with humble and earnest thanksgiving to the God of Missions, for our encouraging prospects.—We mark this day as auspicious to our Western Zion. The word of the Lord is having free course, and gospel blessings increase in the land:—The pious poor, and the lonely saint of the wilderness, have been revived and cheered, by the presence, the prayers and the preaching of our missionaries—churches are formed, and sinners made to inquire, men and brethren, "What must we do to be saved."

This society has employed within the last year, six missionaries, to wit: The Rev. Isaac Reed, the Rev. John M. Dickey, the Rev. Samuel T. Scott, and Messrs. Baynard R. Hall, Tilly H. Brown and Stephen Bliss—licentiates.

Mr. Scott spent 23 days in the service of the Society, and preached 23 sermons—administered the Lord's Supper 3 times—baptised 17 adults, and 35 children—received 44 persons to communion and travelled 213 miles.

Mr. Reed spent 4 weeks—travelled 389 miles—preached 16 sermons—received 19 persons to communion—baptised 4 adults, and 17 children—administered the Lord's Supper twice, and constituted one congregation.

Mr. Dickey spent 63 days—travelled 672 miles—preached 63 sermons—administered the Lord's Supper twice—received to communion, 6 persons—baptised 3 adults, and 23 children. And your committee notice with pleasure, that the churches of Columbus, Franklin, New Providence and Sand Creek, the places visited by your missionary, have liberally contributed to the society, so that your missionary has received the whole of his compensation from said churches, and from individuals in those bounds.

Mr. Brown spent 3 weeks—travelled 250 miles, and preached 19 sermons.

Mr. Hall spent three weeks—travelled 250 miles, and preached 12 sermons.

Mr. Bliss spent 15 days—travelled 301 miles, and preached 7 sermons.

The above missionaries have visited and preached in 22 counties—spent 24 weeks—have travelled 2,136 miles

—have preached 140 sermons—have attended 7 communions—have admitted to the communion of the church, 69 person—have baptised 24 adults, and 67 children, and have constituted two new churches.

Besides the above mentioned services, your missionaries held many prayer meetings—made many exhortations when others preached—personally addressed many persons—visited and prayed with many families, and such like things, which we cannot here insert. They were gladly entertained, and their ministrations were well attended and thankfully received; and your committee believes that many a prayer was offered for *them*, and the society which sent them.

Thus, brethren of the society, you have evidence that your benefactions and labours in the cause of missions are not in vain. Hitherto the Lord hath prospered us; and we will rejoice and be glad in his service. Our object is one with other kindred societies, and we are actuated by one spirit.

What need we then, but diligence, and adherence to our plan? It is simple. It is effective. We mistake, or it will rouse up our people to action, and we shall yet do much. Our plan is essentially one, with *that* which is the admiration of our day—The plan of the United Domestic Missionary Society of New-York. One year gave birth to both. One in the East, the other in the West. And this without the formers of either knowing of the designs and efforts of the other. What is here, but the working of "That self same spirit, who giveth to every man severally as he will." Extensively there have been members added to the Lord by the labours of the missionaries. In two settlements west of the Wabash there has been a considerable revival—53 persons have been gathered into the visible church. Christian brethren, another year's experience and operations, difficulties and successes—this day sound the voice of advance in our ears: They bids us go on: They bid us look to the footsteps of the flock; to mark the laborers, who have trod the path of duty and are gone home to glory: They hold forth for our imitation, departed missionaries and martyrs, and apostles, and Christ the head of all: They stimulate us to emulate them, and to burn with zeal for the glory of God: They tell us the crown is at the end of the race, and they wear it: But the battle must be fought: Toil and exertion must exhaust us now—but heaven shall make amends for all. In the world we shall have tribulation, but in Jesus we shall have peace.

From the Religious Intelligencer.

TO PARENTS.

The season of youth is fraught with most eventful consequences. Traits of character then formed, continue through life; through life, did I say? nay, through ages which never terminate! Often have I shuddered to see, not only those who have arrived to years of discretion; but those of more tender age, wandering widely from the path of rectitude.—Often has my heart been pained to hear the infant lip, which scarce has learned to "lisp the sacred name of father," speaking the dialect of devils; uttering oaths and blasphemies, which though now perhaps by them are not understood, may be their language for eternity! nor has it pained me less to mark the insensible but certain progression of those who have once entered the school of immorality. Hatred to good becomes more malignant; envy more envious; lust more lecherous; blasphemy more blasphemous—until they become perfect adepts in transgression, and give heart-

rending evidence that their crimes have gone beforehand to that judgment, whither they too must soon follow.

Why is not this lamentable error remedied?—Why are not our youth, the future prospect of church and state, trained in the path of virtue?—One can rarely pass our streets without the salutation of insult, oaths and blasphemies. Where rests the difficulty? Undoubtedly in parents.—They are placed as guardians of the morals of their children; their pioneers to virtue; their guides to heaven; and of their stewardship they must render a strict and impartial account at the last day. Parent, hast thou a true affection for thy child; and hast thou through excuseless negligence never come to a knowledge of his vices? Or knowing, canst thou witness his vicious practices without reproof! Cast thine eyes a little onward, thou wilt see thy son more hardened in sin—vile—abandoned—lost to shame—despised by the virtuous, and even by his associates in wickedness: and onward still—he is an outcast from society; fast descending to the sepulchre. On his death-bed his eyes are open to his situation; he upbraids thee for thy neglect of duty; despair is in his countenance; he dies in agony, exclaiming, "My father, you never warned me of my dangerous course; when you remove me to the sepulchre, and hear the clods falling upon my coffin, remember, oh, remember, my soul is in hell!"—Canst thou bear this shocking scene! It is no delusion; no figment of the fancy. The immutable Jehovah declares—"The wicked shall be driven away in his wickness." However much you may strive to quell the voice of conscience, it will speak ere long, in accents too heart-rending to be borne. If then thou desirest to save thyself many a bitter pang in life, and an insupportable load of misery in death, "Train up thy child in the way he should go,"

EPSILON.

AFRICAN SLAVERY AND COLONIZATION.

The love of justice and the love of country plead equally the cause of this people, and it is a moral reproach to us, that they should have pleaded it so long in vain. The hour of emancipacipation (says he,) is advancing in the march of time; *it will come*, whether brought on by the generous energy of our own minds, or by the bloody process of St. Domingo.—*Jefferson.*

In Africa the horrors of savage warfare are perpetual Not that these tribes are created with a peculiar ferocity of disposition: so far from it, their nature seems to possess an uncommon share of what is mild and amiable.—And yet you might traverse the whole region of which I speak, and you will find it, in all its districts, a theatre of terror, flight, conflagration, murder, and whatever is still more dreadful in earthly suffering. You might come to one place, where there was a village yesterday, and find only its smoking ruins, and the calcined bones of its murdered population. You might pass on to another, and think that here there must be peace; but while the inhabitants are beginning to gather around you, with a timid curiosity, there is an outcry of alarm—the foe is upon them—their houses are in flames—their old men are smitten with the sword—their infants are thrown to the tigers, and their young men are swept into captivity. You might follow the captives—weeping, bleeding—to the sea-shore; and there is the slave ship. Every year no less than 60,000 victims of slavery are carried in chains across the ocean. Now, while I am speaking to this happy assembly, there is weeping and lamentation, under the palm trees of Africa; for mothers have been plundered of their children, and will not be comforted. To-day the slave-ships are hovering over that de-

voted coast, from the Senegal to the Zaire. To night, as the African lies down in his cabin, he will feel no security; and as he sleeps, he will dream of conflagration and blood, till suddenly he awakes, and his roof is blazing above him, his wife is bleeding at his feet, his children lie fettered and helpless before him, and ere he can grasp the weapons of despair, the cold steel of the murderer is in his vitals.—*Rev. Mr. Bacon, at New Haven.*

In 1820, our slave population amounted to one million five hundred thousand; their annual increase is estimated at thirty-five thousand, and their number doubles in less than 20 years. Things remaining as they now are, in 1840 we shall have three millions of slaves; in 1860, six millions; and in 1880, twelve millions. But *what is to be* their condition? Policy requires, even now, that they be kept in ignorance. They may not be taught to read even the Bible, because they will learn their rights, and the means of asserting them. As their numbers increase, the hand of oppression must be laid heavier upon them, and their chains closer rivetted. But as year after year passes away, how much anxiety and terror must be endured by our brethren in the slave-holding States! Plots will thicken! servile insurrections spring up! and flames be kindled, which can be quenched only with blood! These, I know, are words of terror—but their terribleness is no argument against the truth of what I say. If things go on as they now are, words more terrible than these 'must be familiar in our mouths.' Can a million and a half of men, can twelve millions, be kept in ignorance and bound in chains forever? Can you prevent them from learning that they are fettered, and that 'freedom is the birthright of humanity.' The air which they breath is free—the soil on which they tread, and which they water with their tears, was once wet with the blood of freemen.—*Rev. Mr. Bouton, at Concord, N. H.*

By the establishment of a colony on the coast of Africa, we may introduce into that continent both civilization and Christianity. In time, we expect these blessings will be scattered over that whole land, where now roam sixty millions of barbarians. Christian villages and cities may adorn the whole line of coast: intervene, as with an impassable rampart, the parties in the slave trade; and dispel, by their blessed illuminations, the deep gloom of the interior. From these may go forth the holy missionaries, to announce the grace of the Son of God, and to teach the lessons of his Gospel. And is there in the whole civilized world, a field for missionary exertions more easy for cultivation, or rich in promise, than that which presents itself in Africa? Here are no formidable systems of superstition consecrated by age and authority, no imposing ceremonies, no awful rites to terrify, impress, fascinate, or subdue the soul, and to render it inaccessible to truth. One poor native has already received Christian baptism; another, revered for his rank and age, listened to the admonitions of a minister of God with tears. And shall we remain indolent at this auspicious season for enterprize and action? Africa may be civilized, regenerated, saved; and is this truth one, to us, of insignificant import? Is it nothing to terminate the worst system of fraud and crime which has ever existed; to construct, out of the broken and despised materials of a ruined race, social and political institutions, based upon truth and right; nothing to promulgate throughout Africa, our heavenly religion, and thus to erect to our national honour, a monument more durable than granite, inscribed to CHARITY, THE QUEEN OF THE VIRTUES?—*Rev. Mr. Gurley, at Washington.*

Let us not imagine, for a moment, that we, in this Northern clime, are exempt from that enormous guilt, connected with slavery, and the slave trade, which we are so ready to appropriate to our brethren in distant States. We have no right thus to wash our hands. From NEW-ENGLAND have gone the ships and the sailors that have been polluted with this inhuman traffick. In NEW ENGLAND are the forges which have framed the fetters and manacles for the limbs of unoffending Africans. The iron of NEW-ENGLAND has pierced their anguished souls. In NEW-ENGLAND are found the overgrown fortunes, the proud palaces, which have been reared up from the blood and sufferings of these unhappy men. The guilt, both of the slave-trade, and of slavery, is strictly national. Few, few indeed, in any part of the land, have done what they could, to purge themselves and their country from this foul stain. National, then, let the expiation be. Let our whole country, polluted as it is, with the blood of Africa, confess its guilt, and resort to the blood of the DIVINE REDEEMER for pardon. And while we mourn those wrongs which nothing but infinite mercy can forgive, let us, as far as possible, repair them. Let us raise up the humble children of Africa from their dust. Let us unshackle their limbs, and pour the light of heaven into their benighted minds. Let us send them back to their native land; and let us send with them the treasures of science and of art, and the richer treasures of the gospel, to be diffused, through their instrumentality, among their wretched fellow-countrymen.—*Rev. Dr. Dana, at Londonderry, New-Hampshire.*

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

In the Philadelphia American Daily Advertiser of the 25th ult. the following anecdote of the illustrious Washington, is communicated to the public by a correspondent, who says that it was handed to him in manuscript "by a very respectable member of the Society of Friends, written apparently about the time when the occurrence took place, and very probably by the person to whom Isaac Potts told the story." We think we have seen the anecdote before; but do not recollect whether it was in a newspaper or book. However, we should judge from the character of Washington that it is authentic, and in this conviction we present it to our readers. *Col. Star.*

"In 1777, while the American Army lay at Valley Forge, a good old Quaker, by the name of Potts, had occasion to pass through a thick wood, near Head Quarters. As he traversed the dark brown forest, he heard at a distance before him, a voice, which, as he advanced, became more and more fervid and interesting.—Approaching with slowness and circumspection, whom should he behold, under a thickset bower, apparently formed for the purpose, but the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, on his knees, in an act of devotion, to the Ruler of the Universe. At the moment when friend Potts, who was concealed by the trees, came up, Washington was interceding for his beloved country; with tones of gratitude, that labour-ed for adequate expression, he adored that exuberant goodness, which, from the depth of obscurity, had exalted him to the head of a great nation, and that nation fighting at fearful odds, for all the world holds dear. He utterly disclaimed his own ability for this arduous conflict. He wept at the thought of the ruin, which his mistakes might bring on his country, and with a patriot's pathos, spreading the interests of unborn millions before the eye of eternal mercy, he implored the aid of that arm which guides the starry hosts! Soon as the General had finished his

devotions, friend Potts retired. He returned to his house, and threw himself into a chair, by the side of his wife, under the influence of feelings, which, for a time, refused him utterance. Heigh!—Heigh! Isaac! said she, with tenderness; thou seemest agitated! what is the matter? Indeed, my dear, quoth he, if I appear agitated, 'tis no more than what I am. I have seen this day, what I shall never forget. Till now, I have thought that a Christian and a soldier were characters incompatible with each other. But, if George Washington be not a man of God, I am indeed mistaken; and still more shall I be disappointed, if God do not, through him, perform some great thing for his country."

LORD CHATHAM'S TESTIMONY IN FAVOUR OF RELIGION

(From a letter addressed to his son.)

"I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn, I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man. The noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? If it is, the highest benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise: *Ingratum qui dixerit omnia dixit.* If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor, compared with those he daily receives at the hand of his never failing, Almighty Friend. *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth*, is big with the deepest wisdom. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and an upright heart, that is understanding. This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not. Nay, I must add, of this religious wisdom, *her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace*, whatever your young gentlemen think of a harlot and a bottle, of tainted health, and a shattered constitution. Hold fast, therefore, by this sheet anchor of happiness, Religion; you will often want it in the times of most danger, the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion as preciously, as you will fly, with abhorence and contempt, superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of human nature; the two last, the deprivation and disgrace of it. Remember, the essence of Religion is a heart void of offence towards God and man;—not subtle, speculative opinions, but an *active, vital principle of faith.*"

From the New-York Chronicle.

A LABORIOUS MINISTER.

Dr. Scott, whose name is familiar to every Christian reader, and "whose praise is in all the churches, "whose fame, though confined to the *religious world*, will survive when Alexander is forgotten, does not rest his claim to posthumous honours alone on the execution of that great work for which he is so much distinguished.

He has left bright memorials of his exemplary diligence in fulfilling the duties of his ministerial office, and of every exhibition of personal and private worth.

His zealous industry in the cause of God, and for the benefit of man, affords a strong though silent reproof to many honoured with the same designation, but lacking not a few of the traits by which Dr. Scott adorned it.

The following account we find in a late English publication.

The late Rev. Thomas Scott, author of the celebrated Commentary, for many years performed the most laborious

duties. At four o'clock in the morning of every alternate Sabbath, winter as well as summer, the watchman gave one heavy knock at the door, and Mr. Scott and an old maid-servant arose—for he could not go out without his breakfast. He then set forth to meet a congregation at St. Margaret's church, Lothbury, about three miles and a half off; here he had about two or three hundred auditors, and administered the sacrament each time. He used to observe, that if at any time, in his early walks through the streets in the depth of winter, he was tempted to complain, the view of the newsmen equally alert, and for a very different object, changed his repinings into thanksgivings. From the city he returned home, and about ten o'clock assembled his family to prayers: immediately after which he proceeded to the Lock Chapel, where he performed the whole service, with the administration of the sacrament on the alternate Sabbaths, when he did not go to Lothbury. His sermons were composed in about half an hour, and took about the same time in delivery—yet, so far from being crude or destitute of thought, they were rather overcharged with matter, and were too argumentative for the generality of hearers. In the afternoon, he engaged in his lectureship at St. Mildred's, Broad street, nearly as far as Lothbury, after taking his dinner without sitting down. His sermon was prepared by the way, for the bustle of the streets of London did not occasion any interruption to his meditations; he would generally rather prepare his sermons walking than in his study. Thus he could not go less than fourteen miles on a Sabbath, and frequently performed the whole on foot, besides the three services, and at times a fourth sermon at Long Acre Chapel, or elsewhere, on his way home in the evening, and then he concluded the whole with family prayer, and that not very short. He even did all this soon after, if not the very Sabbath after, he had broken a rib by falling down the cabin stairs of a Margate packet; and from an asthmatic complaint, he rarely passed a week at the time without taking an emetic. But his *heart* was in his work, and he was a devoted servant of Christ. His week days were also passed in ministerial duties, preaching at least four times between the Sabbaths, and pursuing other laborious studies, which his Commentary would testify; and his relaxation seemed to be talking over some text when he met his family. His stated emoluments for his ministerial labours, great as they were, for some time did not amount to more than £119 15s. ($531 67) per annum: viz.: at the Lock Chapel, £10, half of which necessarily went for rent and taxes; St. Mildred's, £30; and St. Margaret's £9 15s. per annum. From some kind friends he received other helps.

REMEMBRANCES FOR A DAY.

Two English ladies were passing through a valley in the neighbourhood of Chambray, (in Savoy,) a year or two back. They met a female peasant of an interesting appearance, and upon turning the conversation with her towards religion, she took out a book, in which was a paper sealed in it, given to her by a priest. It was in French, and the following is a translation of it.

"Christian! remember thou hast today—A God to glorify,—A Christ to imitate,—All the angels to honour,—A soul to save,—A body to mortify,—Virtue to implore,—Sins to weep for,—A paradise to gain,—A hell to avoid,—An eternity to meditate on,—Time to husband,—A neighbour to edify,—A world to fear,—Devils to combat,—Passions to subdue,—And, perhaps, death to suffer,—And judgment to undergo." *Col. Star.*

It is the character of an unworthy nature to write injuries on marble, and benefits in dust.

THE LUMINARY.

LEXINGTON:
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 28, 1825.

ORIGINAL.

By Micah B. Flint, of Alexandria, Louisiana.

LINES ON THE MOUNDS OF CAHOKIA PRAIRIE, ILLINOIS.

The sun's last rays were fading from the west,
The deepening shades stole slowly o'er the plain,
The evening breeze had lulled itself to rest,
And all was silence, save the mournful strain
With which the widowed turtle woo'd in vain,
Her absent lover to her lonely nest.

Now one by one emerging to the sight
The lesser stars assumed their seats on high,
The moon's pale crescent glowed serenely bright,
As the last twilight fled along the sky—
And all her train in cloudless majesty
Were glittering on the dark blue vault of night.

I lingered, by some soft enchantment bound,
And gazed enraptured on the magic scene;
From the dark summit of an *Indian mound*,
I saw the plain outspread in living green;
Its fringe of cliffs were in the distance seen,
And the dark line of forests sweeping round.

I saw the lesser mounds which round me rose;
Each was a giant-heap of mouldering clay.
There slept in common dust unconscious foes—
There side by side the rival chieftains lay.
And mighty tribes, swept from the face of day—
Forgot their feuds, and found a long repose.

Ye mouldering relics of departed days,
Your names have perished;—not a trace remains,
Save where the grass-grown mound its summit rears.
From the green bosom of your native plains!
Say! Do your spirits wear oblivion's chains!
Did death forever quench your hopes and fears!

Or live they shrined in some congenial form!
What if the swan, who leaves her summer nest,
Among the northern Lakes, and mounts the storm,
Winging her rapid flight to climes more blest,
Should hover o'er the sacred spot where rest
The crumbling bones once with her spirit warm!*

What if the song—so soft, so sweet, so clear—
Whose music fell, so gently from on high,
And which enraptured I have paused to hear,
Gazing in vain upon the cloudless sky—
Was their own soft funereal melody—
While lingering o'er the scences that once were dear?

Or did those fairy hopes of future bliss,
Which simple nature to your bosoms gave,
Find other worlds with fairer skies than this,
Beyond the gloomy portals of the grave,
In whose bright climes the virtuous and the brave
Rest from their toils and all their cares dismiss;—

Where the great hunter still pursues the chase,
And o'er the sunny mountains tracks the deer;
Or where he finds each long extinguished race,
And sees once more the mighty mammoth rear
The giant form which lies embedded here,
Of other years the sole remaining trace.

Or it may be that still ye linger near
The sleeping ashes once your dearest bride,

*There is more of poetry than evangelical propriety in this fancied transmigration of the Indian's spirit into the swan.—Much however has always been claimed for poetic license.

And could your forms to mortal eye appear,
Could the dark veil of death be thrown aside,
Then might I see your restless shadows glide
With watchful love around these relicks dear.

If so, forgive the rude unhallowed feet
Which trod so thoughtless o'er your mighty dead;
I would not thus profane their lone retreat,
Nor trample where the sleeping warrior's head
Lay pillowed on his cold, his lowly bed,
Age after age, still sunk in dark, oblivious sleep.—

Farewell! O may you still in peace repose,
Still on your breasts the flowers untrodden bloom,
And softly wave to every breeze that blows,
Casting their fragrance on each lowly tomb;
While your tribes slumber in earth's mystic womb,
And mingle with the dust from which you rose.

From the N. Y. Spectator.

GREECE.

We give below an interesting letter from our countryman, Jonathan. P. Miller, who was sent out to Greece by the Committee of Boston nearly two years ago. It is not so late, by upwards of two months, as our other advices, and is therefore of no value to the simple news-monger. We attach great importance to it, however, in another point of view, which is the information it contains touching the state of society and morals in Greece —the means of improvement which they possess—their desire to improve—the sincerity with which they espoused the cause of freedom—the claims they have upon the sympathies and support of the christian world—and the prospect they have of ultimate success, and in that success, the sure and inevitable overthrow of the Moslem power in Europe, if not in the whole world.

Since our last publication, we have taken some pains to read and compare several articles respecting the recent military operations in the Morea, and the result is a more favourable opinion than the first glance enabled us to form. A private letter from Zante, which wears a more candid and authentic complexion than most of the flying rumors, furnishes some very flattering advices, and confirms what had been previously stated, that Colocotroni, by a military stratagem, succeeded in driving Ibrahim Pacha, with most of his Arabs, into a position called Lacka, near the forest *O Koula tou honkos*, where he surrounded them, and thus placed them in a predicament, from which, it is said, they will not extricate themselves. If this be true, as it is positively asserted, it will be a fatal blow to Turkey, Egypt being now the only power that Greece has to dread. The letter adds, that Goura had surrounded a body of 7000 Turks, who surrendered for want of provisions. The troops besieging Missolonghi are also in want of provisions, and Patras is blockaded by the Greeks, who succeeded in taking thirty Austrian ships, with the provisions and munitions of war destined for that fortress. "I conclude," adds the writer, "with giving you the positive intelligence that reached Zante, last night, of the total defeat of the Turkish fleet from Constantinople.—This very important victory destroys completely the prospects of the enemy, since the army in Romelia and Patras relied on the same for succor. Its destruction gives to the Grecian navy the power of acting against the rest of the Egyptian fleet, as well as against Patras and Prevosa; so that this campaign, which it was thought would have proved fatal to the Greeks, is considered generally as the epoch of her superior glory, and that which

guarantees her permanent independence."

"NAUPOLI DE ROMANIA,
March 17, 1825.

"*Rev. and dear Sir*,—It is, I hope, with gratitude to God, that I avail myself of an opportunity of writing to you from this place, where I have been providentially detained several weeks, waiting for the payment of the troops. Gen. Jarvis, an American, a young man of 28, who has been in Greece over three years, is the General whom I am with, in the capacity of Aid de-Camp. Jarvis is a man of principle, and as brave as a lion. We have been under marching orders for attacking the Castle of the Lepant, nearly three weeks; but the delay of the payment of the troops has detained us, till I have the satisfaction to see an American ship anchor in the harbour, the Romp, of Boston, Capt. Smith.

"To you, of whose friendship I have had the most ample proof, I am bound in duty to give some account of the state of Greece, and the prospect there is of doing good in this country. I arrived in Greece the 8th of December, and the same day fell in with Col. (now Gen.) Jarvis. Thus did the Lord direct my steps; for such was my ignorance of the Greek character, together with their language, that to all human appearance I must have been a lost man, if I had not found in Jarvis a countryman and friend. He speaks French, Italian, German and Greek, and has witnessed all the transactions of foreigners in Greece for three years. He left New-York at ten years of age, and his father now resides in Germany. I entered the army immediately as a volunteer under his command, and have now served in it more than three months. I have travelled over 300 miles in Romelia and the Morea, and by the help of Jarvis, and an English Missionary whom I escorted through the Morea, have been able to converse with many people in regard to the religious and political concerns of the country.—They are all eager for instruction, and are transported at the sight of a tract, or a bible. The peasantry are virtuous and modest, the merchants cunning, deceitful and intriguing, the soldiers brave, patient and strongly attached to liberty. I have given away several thousands of tracts, which I received of Mr. Temple, at Malta, to citizens, officers and soldiers. They are much pleased with reading these *feathers*, as they call them, and I have frequently passed through the camp, and seen one of the soldiers reading a tract, with ten or twelve others listening to hear him.

"Supperstition is losing ground in Greece. Many of the priests are beginning to preach on the Sabbath, and many of the people to eat meat in Lent. The priests, as I have been able to learn, are generally moral, but devoted to the dogmas of their Church.

"The Greek women are modest, handsome, and virtuous. The astonishing examples exhibited here of morals by those Franks, who have come from France, Italy and Germany, have led the Greek females to shun a foreigner, while in his Frank costume, almost as much as a Turk. Schools are beginning to be established in all the principal towns and villages. A Mr. Edward Masson, a gentleman from Scotland, whose classical and religious character is of the highest cast, has devoted himself to the service of Greece. He is accompanied by a Greek, who has been two years in England, learning the Lancasterian system of education, and who, by the grace of God, has become experimentally acquainted with the truths of the Gospel. Masson does wonders; he already talks with the priests, and will soon, if providence permit, establish a school for the study of ancient Greek and Philosophy at Tripoliza. Dr

Howe, from Boston, does honor to his country, family and friends. His standard of morality is high. We all love him dearly. He has done much to relieve the sufferings of the wounded already.

"The civil dissentions have been put down in the Morea. Ulysses is the only chief who is now with the Turks. and he, I think, will soon be subdued. The misery of the country is beyond all description. Women and children are flying, almost naked and starved, from the fury of the merciless savages —the men with their noses and ears cut off. If there was ever a country, which demanded the charaties of the Christian world, that country is Greece. Yet it is my real opinion that she will again take her place among the nations of the earth as a free and enlightened republic. My reasons for thus think ing, may be seen in my letters to the Greek committee.

"As to my own fare you may call it what you please. I have taken the Albian dress. I have travelled three hundred miles on foot, and carried my gun, dirk and pistols. Five nights I have slept on the ground, without any covering but my carpet, and during three of them it rained incessantly.— In short, I have waded through rivers, climbed mountains amid the snows, with my feet to the ground; been exposed to the Turks, and was once very nigh being cut up by those monsters, whose tender mercies are cruelty I have fared like a Greek, and with the Greeks I am willing to suffer for the cause of religion and freedom Call me in America a Crusader, or what you like, my life is devoted to the overturning of the Turkish empire: and, if it be the will of God, I hope to see the downfall of the false prophet. God is on the side of the Greeks.— 200,000 Turks have already lost their lives in this sanguinary contest. The campaign is again opening. Let the Greeks, and your unworthy friend, have an interest in your prayers. hope to see you again, but the will of the Lord be done. Farewell.

"Yours affectionately,

"J. P. MILLER.

"P S. I have been over the Olympic game ground, waded through the Alpheus, been quartered in Argos, seen the tombs of Agamemnon, and famous Corintho; but, without bread or accomodations, the classic fame of these places is not exactly so exhilarating as in the College Halls of America. But, should I live, I will hereafter give you an account of them all."

LATEST FROM THE BURMAN MISSION.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Hough to the Rev Dr. Stoughton, dated Serampore, Feb. 9, 1825.

After the capture of Rangoon, every means was used by Sir A. Campbell, the commander in chief, to induce the inhabitants to return and resume their former occupation under the protection of the British government; but I am sorry to say without success. Since the capture of Rangoon, Mergu, Tavoy, and Martaban, have successively fallen into the hands of the English; and in these places, a greater proportion of the inhabitants have, as I learn from the papers, returned as subjects of the new authorities. The island of Chiduba is also under the British flag. While Rangoon and other places on the sea-coast remain occupied by the forces which entered the dominions by that quarter, two other armies are penetrating them, one from Chittagong, and the other from Assam. The ultimate object of these forces is the capital, which they will probably reach in two or three months. The Burmans appear resolved to defend themselves to the last, and although they have not been successful in a single instance, but on the contrary, have fallen by thousands, yet it cannot well be sup-

posed, that the rulers of the nation will yield until their capital shall be captured.

After the taking of Rangoon, we were wholly deprived of missionary work, uncomfortably situated in the midst of the camp, and put to great inconveniences for the want of vegetables and fresh provisions. The Burmans having all evacuted the town and adjacent country, the bazar of course disappeared with them. I remained until the 8th of November, and when I came away provisions, both salt and fresh, bore the most enormous price.

It will be to you, as it has been to me, a painful consideration, that not a single word of intelligence has been or could be gained from our friends at Ava. It is now a year since brother Judson has written to me. Your last letter from him probably bore the same date as his last to me. The only report which I have heard is, that foreigners generally at Ava were imprisoned. Knowing the disposition of the Burman government, and remembering the treatment which I received from them at the taking of Rangoon, I cannot indulge any hope unmixed with fears. As we were, so were they, and still are, in the Lord's hands. They may be spared and carried through many difficulties.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Lawson to Dr. Baldwin, dated Calcutta, Feb. 10, 1825.

We have received no further intelligence from our dear friends at Ava. I believe the Burmans will not be able to offer an effective resistance to the British troops which are now entering Aracan. How happy shall I be to be able to communicate the news of peace, and how much more so to be able to convey the pleasing intelligence of the safety of your missionaries. We long, yet almost dread, to hear from Ava. Our troops are near Munnipore, and expect soon to reach that place; and we have an idea, that the first news from Ava, may come by way of Munnipore. We constantly pray for the missionaries. God is able to deliver.

SILK WORMS,

Recommended as very profitable in the U. States.

About five years ago, William Gillespie, Esq. of the town of Montgomery, Orange county, (N. Y.) sowed seeds for a nursery of white mulbery (*morbus alba*) for the purpose of the culture of the silk worm. The ground occupied by the nursery is about 4 square rods. This small lot yielded last summer 175 skeins of sewing silk, rivalling in softness, strength and beauty, the best imported specimens of the same article. These skiens, with a sufficient quantity of tow for a pair of stockings, would command in market $10. The whole labour expended in the culture, Mr. Gillespie estimates at $2, making the produce of four square rods $8.—One acre cultivated in the same way would yield $310, besides the expense of the labor.

Farmers might clothe their wives and daughters in silks of good quality at less expense than it now requires to clothe them in fine cotton. It is estimated that five thousand dollars worth of sewing silk is sold annually in Orange county alone, and the whole sales of the article in the state of New-York may probably be estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. All this would be saved to our country by the extension of this very profitable branch of husdandry so as to supply the home comsumption.—Much of the labor, too, can be performed by small children, who would otherwise be idle, and thus early habits of industry would be created.

The whole process is simple, and a knowledge of it easily acquired. After the middle of May the eggs of the silkworm are brought from the bureau, and exposed to the warmth of the air,

but not to the rays of the sun. Early in June the term of incubation expires, and the small worms make their appearance. They are now to be fed by mulberry leaves, with which they are supplied twice a day; the leaves to be scattered in the inclosure where they are kept. In about six weeks they attain their full growth, when they are of a beautiful color. A small quantity of leaves supplies them for the first five weeks; the sixth week they require an abundant supply. Mr. Gillespie, informs us that during this week when a stranger visits their apartments, they leave off eating, raise their horns, and give plain indications that they know him to be a stranger.

After feeding about six weeks they quit eating, and are prepared to commence spinning. Oak or walnut leaves dried in the sun, so as to be curled, are now thrown into their enclosure; they spin from their own bowels—first the tow by which they attach their web to the leaf, then the thread which they form into a solid web, so as to shut themselves closely within.

The larvae or worm enclosed in the balls, that are intended for propagation, cut their way out of the silken cell, and escape from their own prison, in the form of a butterfly with beautiful variegated wing. White paper is placed under them, on which the egg is deposited. One butterfly will desposit 2000 eggs. These papers with the eggs, are laid away in a chest or desk, until the following spring; when the process described above is again repeated. "Oh Lord, how manifold are they works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."

After this interesting insect has furnished the fine material, the tow is picked off the balls, which are thrown into hot water, and a stick is passed among them to which the ends of the threads attach themselves. For sewing silk forty of them are all laid together and reeled. The thread, thus composed of forty fibres, is twisted hard on a large spinning wheel, then doubled and twisted again, and wrought into skeins. The whole process of manufacture is completed by scouring in the same manner as woolen yarn, to detach the glutinous substance, which the worm employs in the fabrication of its thread. It must be remarked, that the black mulberry, (morus nigra,) a native of the United States, will not answer the purpose so well. The silk manufactured from its leaf is said to be of a very inferior quality.

Mr Gillespie had a premium of $8 awarded him at the anniversary of the Agricultural Society of Orange county, in 1822.

The Legislature of New-York have offered a premium for the planting of white mulbery trees.

GREEN MONKIES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

An English officer, serving in the Colombian army, gives the following particulars of the Green Monkies:—"By night the fress were visited by groups of green monkies, who kept up such a horrible chatter as prevented our enjoying a single moment's repose until day, when we were beset by immense flocks of parrots, paroquets, and mackaws, more noisy than our nocturnal visiters. I had an opportunity of witnessing the ingenuity and cunning of the Indian guides, one of whom proposed to rid us of the monkies, provided he got a handsome penknife as a reward He went outside the trees with a bottle, in which he put some peas; putting down his fingers now and then, he took out some, which he eat with seeming satisfaction; leaving a few strewed around, he retired; and the monkies, who are very minute in their observation of men's actions, descended very cautiously, and having found some of the peas, a quarrel ensued, but one more careful than the

rest peeped into the bottle, and determining to secure a good handful thrust down his hand, and filling it, he set up a titter, as he found he could not withdraw his hand: and all the tribe fled from branch to branch in evident agitation. Part of an old red jacket being procured, all hands went to work to make him a new suit of clothes, and after being dressed, he was let loose in the branches among his astonished companions, who collected around, and gazing on him with curiosity about five minutes, a busy scene ensued, the other monkies plucking branches and flogging the soldier monkey, who jumped from branch to branch, pursued by the whole commonwealth of monkies, till they were ought of sight. Thus the Indian ridded us of these pests. We daily saw different tribes, perhaps three tribes of different colors in one day—some were very mischievous, throwing pistachin, limes and other fruits at us. Our women rode on donkies, one of which getting tired, and as beating would not make him go, he was abandoned; the monkies, as usual, were attentive spectators, and seeing the donkey left, they descended to have a ride; three or four dozen mounted together on his ears and neck, and every other part, and even two clung to his tail, while the others whipped and scratched him. The donkey frightened by this novel treatment, acquired new speed, and began cantering, while his pursuers as nimbly plied him, until he came up to our rear braying. The monkies now abandoned him, so severely scratched and torn that he never attempted to stop afterwards."

THE MISSISSIPPI.

"*Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi and of the River Sanglante, by J. C. Beltrami.*

"The author, although an Italian by birth, has deemed it a duty to the inhabitants of this country, to publish his work in the French language, which is spoken in Louisiana, and read over the whole continent of Europe. Under whatever view the work may be considered, it cannot fail to excite public interest. The author, after following the whole course of the Ohio and of the Mississippi as far as Fort St. Anthony, continued his journey in a north west direction, to the source of the river St. Peters; he then shaped his course to the north, and penetrating immense deserts, amid an extensive wilderness where scarcely a vestige of man can be found, and where nature, accustomed to the most profound silence, was probably interrogated for the first time, he reached Lord Selkirk's settlement. His work contains a rapid sketch of the origin, progress and present situation, of that colony, as well as of the North West and Hudson Bay Companies. After the necessary delay to procure all the information relative to that settlement, he ascended the River Sanglante up to its source; prosecuting his researches, he found on the highest land of North America, a small rivulet of limpid water, which ran slowly among reeds and wild rice growing in its bed; he launched upon it in a small canoe of bark, (which had borne him on the river Sanglante,) descended the Mississippi in all its extent, a thing never accomplished before; and after a journey of one thousand leagues reached the city of New Orleans.

"It is a remarkable circumstance, that all the discoveries in the western world, have been made by Italians—Columbus, Americ Vespuce, Cabot, Verassani. At the same time that Mr. Beltrami, actuated by the noble enthusiasm which inspired those illustrious men, was penetrating Hudson Bay, discovering the sources of the Mississippi, and the communication between the Icy Ocean and the Gulph of Mexico, another Italian, celebrated in Europe, Mr. Belzoni, was visiting Africa, and ascending the Niger. In ancient times

the Romans overrun the world, as conquerors, and dictated laws to nations—at present, their descendants, groaning under the yoke of those barbarians, so well depicted by Tacitus, cross the seas, and penetrate to the most distant regions, for the purpose of enriching the world and benefitting mankind by their discoveries and observations.

"It may truly be said, that Mr. Beltrami's work is the only one giving a full account of the Mississippi, and of the tribes living on its banks. Before he discovered the real sources of that magnificent river, many were given, which were merely its outlets. The White Bear Lake, the Leech Lake, the Red Cedar Lake, were disputing with each other the honor of being the source of the finest river in the world, and Messrs. Pike and Schoolcraft that of having discovered it. When we reflect that a stranger, assisted only by a few interpreters, has done more alone, than all the expeditions, undertaken at great expense by government—when we think of the dangers to which he has been exposed, the toils and fatigues he has endured, the obstacles of all kinds which he had to surmount, to achieve such an undertaking, we cannot help admiring the perseverance and courage of that distinguished individual, regretting at the same time that the glory of the enterprise does not belong to one of our own citizens."

New Orleans pap.

From the Georgia Missionary, Aug. 15.

A few days since, we witnessed an incident of an alarming character, though of frequent occurrence. The carriage driver of a lady from Alabama, was, together with one of the horses, struck lifeless to the ground by lightning The boy was standing a few feet from a tree, bridling the horse, and both fell apparently dead. The boy did not exhibit any signs of life—the horse was seen to wink a few times, but did not move. Happily, some of the ladies in company had presence of mind sufficient to order some one to blow into the boy's mouth, and as soon as his lungs were inflated, he breathed. This, though apparently a ludricous and trifling thing, was certainly the means, together with friction, of restoring the boy to life. He was struck on the side of his head, his hat was torn to pieces, and his neck, side and leg blistered, and the toe of his shoe completely burst out. No doubt had the horse's lungs been also inflated that both might have lived, for the horse certainly evinced more signs of life immediately after the accident, than the boy. As occurrences of this kind frequently happen, people will do well to remember this remedy, as it affords the only chance of restoring life. The air should be thrown in by a small pair of bellows, instead of the mouth, as it is then pure, and has never undergone any change in the respiratory organs to unfit it for the purposes of life.

LIBERAL BEQUEST.

We understand that Mr. James Thomson, lately deceased, bequeathed the sum of Twelve thousand dollars to the following charitable institutions in this city, and in the following proportions.

To the Orphan Asylum Society five thousand dollars.

To the American Bible Society five thousand dollars.

To the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with young children, two thousand dollars.

The testator was one of our opulent merchants, and a Scotchman by birth; and we learn, that besides the above munificent and praiseworthy donations he has given liberally to some relatives and friends in his native land. Mr. Thomson has left a widow and one child, (a son) to inherit the residue of his large and valuable estate.

N. Y. Statesman.

POETRY.

From the "Pulpit."

ON A LITTLE GIRL WHO DIED IN THE 7TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

Here lies a lovely maid, who from her birth
Became a constant strife 'tween heaven and earth;
Each claimed her, pleaded for her, either cried,
"*The child is mine*;" at length they did divide,
Heaven took her soul, the earth her corpse did seize,
Yet not in fee; she only holds in lease,
With this proviso, when the Judge shall call,
Earth shall give up her charge, and heaven have *all*.

A DYING SON'S FAREWELL.

Weep not for me, mother, because I must die,
And sink in death's coldness to rest;
Weep not for me, mother, because death is nigh,
I go to the home of the blest.

It is but a moment, a pang and no more,
A struggle, and that to be free;
'Tis the spirit's last look on a journey that's o'er;
Oh! death has no terrors for me!

Weep not for me, mother! the christian should fling
His frailties and fears to the wind;
But only in death when his spirit takes wing,
Can he leave them forever behind.

Farewell to thee now, the mist thickens fast,
The cold hand is laid on my breast.—
The moments are numbered. Another! the last!
I go to the home of the blest.

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MARTYRDOM.

In Holland, in the year A. D. 1527, was martyred and burnt a widow named Wendelmuta. This poor widow having received into her heart the brightness of God's grace by the appearing of the Gospel, was therefore seized and put to custody in the Castle of Werden; and afterwards brought from thence to the Hague, there to appear at the general sessions. Divers monks were sent to talk with her, that they might convince her, and win her to recant; but she was steadfast in the truth of God's word wherein she was planted; and could not be moved.—Many also of her kindred, and other women, were suffered to persuade with her; among whom there was a certain noble matron, who dearly loved the widow. This matron conversed much with her, and at length said, "My Wendelmuta, why dost thou not keep silence; and think secretly in thine heart those things which thou believest: that thou mayest prolong here thy days and life?" To whom the good widow replied; "Ah! you know not what you say. It is written, 'with the heart we believe to righteousness; with the tongue we confess to salvation, &c.'" And thus being firm and steadfast in her belief and confession, she was condemed to be burnt to ashes, and her goods confiscated, [that is plundered:] which sentence she took mildly and quietly.

At the place of execution, a monk brought out a blind cross; and bade her several times to kiss and worship her God. "I worship (said she) no wooden God, but only that God which is in heaven." She then with a cheerful countenance went to the stake, where she desired the executioner to see that the stake was fast, that she might not fall. Taking the powder, she placed it at her bosom; and gave her neck willingly to be bound, with an ardent prayer commending herself to the hands of her faithful God and Saviour. She then closed her eyes, bowed down her head, and was soon strangled, and afterwards burnt to ashes: instead of this life, to get an immortal crown in heaven. VERITE.